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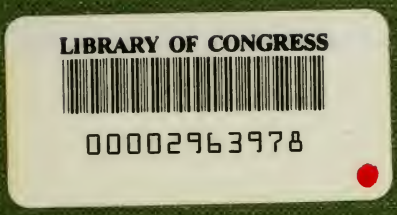

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

GEORGE H. COOMER.

33

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WILLIAM A. HALL, PRINTER,
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TO THE READER.

To the readers of his volume, it may not be improper for the author to say, at the outset, that the work before them is not the production of one who enters the field of poesy with the advantages of high literary attainment. He would, therefore, most respectfully solicit the indulgence of the learned and candid, to any inaccuracies which the eye of criticism may discover in his compositions.

The author would return his grateful acknowledgments to those who have favored him with their subscriptions; and although, in the present work, they may find far more to censure than to praise, they will permit him to express the ardent hope of his heart, that at some future day he may be able to place before them some production, free from the faults which, he fears, will be found to characterize his first effort, and more worthy the attention of his readers. G. H. C.

Warren, R. I., March, 1851.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO A TORRENT.

O, days, and many years, bygone,
Come back upon thy music borne,
  Thy revel wild and glad;
Like time itself ye onward pour,
Like life's stern battle is your roar,
  Only not half so sad!

O, that I were like thee, thou wild
Unfettered torrent! Nature's child!
  The wilderness thy own!
The mighty field of ocean's waste,
The glorious home to which ye haste,
  Beautiful and alone!

O, would that I were thee, dark stream,
Thou heedest none save the Supreme,
No rein is o'er thee cast ;
But like a steed none shall caress,
Thou rushest from the wilderness
To thy old prairie vast !

TO MARY.

When the Narragansett glances
In the sweet light of the moon,
And the azure lily dances
In the gentle breath of June,

I will wander by the waters,
While the stars are bright above,
With the sweetest of earth's daughters,
With my own, my only love!

I will view her eyes of azure,
By the beautiful moonlight;
I will clasp her as a treasure
That no frost can ever blight!

And the sparkling Narragansett,
With its ancient mirror blue,
And the starry beams that dance it,
Shall alone our meeting view.

With my own one, and my only,
Will all nature smile on me,
But the night, the day, is lonely,
When I wander not with thee!

O, the woodland voices vary,
When for other hearts they sing,
But to me they all say, "Mary,"
Though a thousand notes may ring!

THE INDIAN.

The red warrior roams in the land of the blest,
With the bow and the arrowy quiver;
And the shade of his plume dances dark on the breast
Of the beautiful silvery river!

The oak waves eternal, and dark is the pine,
And the war-whoop awakeneth never;
For the red man afar from the foes of his line,
Has buried the hatchet forever!

The zephyr breathes sweet in the shadowy sheen,
That hangs o'er the mirror-like fountain;
The steed gallops wild in the thicket of green,
And the light roe is free on the mountain.

The dove in the branches, all sweetly and soft,
Her love to her lover is cooing;
And the chief's eagle feather is nodding aloft,
While his steps are the wild deer pursuing.

The "braves" of his nation are gathered again,
Again the dark eyes of her daughters,
Of the maidens whose home is the forest domain,
Glance back from the beautiful waters!

He roams the deep wood with that shadowy band,
Whose union no more shall be riven;
And follows the chase in a glorious land,
Whence the buffalo never is driven!

MISFORTUNES.

Some gentle spirits meet misfortune's frown
With smiles more sad than are the saddest tears;
And some, as though an avalanche came down,
Seem crushed beneath the falling hopes of years:
But he who on mortality e'er rears
The temple of his hope, shall view it fall;
However bright the altar-star appears,
Soon desolation shall envelope all,
And the deep night of death hang o'er it like a pall!

Our passing evils should a lesson teach,
Though not received at ministerial hands;
The sermon that experience can preach
Goes to the heart, and all respect commands.
The joys of earth rest on uncertain sands,
A poor foundation, ever insecure;
And sorrow, journeyer of many lands,
Breathes o'er us like a pestilence impure,
Making the happy sad, the wealthy low and poor.

But O how weak the tyrant-hand of fate,
To him who views the great Creator's will
Supreme o'er all in this embryo state,
Bearing us onward, other spheres to fill;

Such rise above the power of earthly ill,
And bow beneath the great All-father's rod,
Which chasteneth not in wrath, but kindly still
Bids us forget the weary road we plod,
To the bright home of Him, the Jew and Gentile's God.

THE LITTLE BARD.

In the days when Martin Van bore rule,
A mighty while ago;
Like a mushroom from a wayside pool,
A little bard did grow.

From the homely pool of humble life,
That scarcely claimed a care;
For it lay amid the great world's strife,
So still, none knew 'twas there!

Then the little bard, one spring-time morn,
Learned from the thrush to sing,
And he learned from Autumn's yellow corn,
That 'tis not always Spring.

And the works of Nature everywhere
Did charm his youthful eye;
And they bade his spirit ne'er despair,
And never hope too high.

For the lovely bow he oft had seen
Above departing showers;
And ever a leaf of withered green,
Among the sweetest flowers.

Then he learned that blended joy and care,
Mark each highway of Fate;
That her paths are never wholly fair,
Or wholly desolate.

And he saw that none seem what they are,
That all men practise art,
To cover the thousand sins they bear
Within the troubled heart.

But he knew, though disappointments roll
Like ocean-waves at strife,
That the man who has the most of soul,
Enjoys the most of Life.

And thus did the little poet grow
Unheeded in the shade,
But he marked all creatures, high or low,
That haply round him strayed.

Yet they knew not he was there, while he
Looked out with quiet eye—
A violet 'neath the canopy
Of grasses rank and high.

THE DEATH OF A CAT.

I hear the tick of tiny paws,
And little teeth at play
Around the shelves—for dairy laws
Are null and void to-day.

The mousie knows puss cannot come,
He saw her buried there,
Where waves the rose in gentle bloom,
Adown the garden fair.

She saw, what all must see below,
She played the great world's play,
Till tired and weary of the show,
She sighed, and went away!

There, where the bough the sunbeam breaks,
Shall fall, like fleecy snow,
The spring-time blosoms' flowery flakes,
Soft on her grave below!

And there, in Autumn, shall the leaves,—
Leaves like herself decayed,—
When o'er her house the bare branch grieves,
Rustle beneath the shade!

So shall she lie, while years go by,
And shifting scenes move on;
She's seen the show we're seeing now,
And played her part, and gone!

RICHES.

Our riches may buy a mahogany coffin,
For the honest old sexton to carry us off in,
And riches will build up a mighty grand monument,
An epitaph telling how gloriously on we went,
And all our great deeds they will tell every feature of,
But never at all how we turned a poor creature off,
On a cold stormy night, in the street to be frozen,
While we feasted on that which would well feed a dozen!

But the poor man may rest with no marble to cumber,
The daisy alone marks the place of his slumber;
And here shall he sleep, and the clay shall his pillow be;
Over his grave let us plant a young willow tree;
Calm be his rest, he has ended and done his part,
Now he shall sleep with the heavy soil on his heart,
While the free spirit, once honest and dutiful,
Roams the fair fields in the land of the beautiful.

A PAST HOUR.

In the gloomy past, is an hour I mark,—
Like a bubble bright on an ocean dark,
Like a lone green leaf in a forest gray,
Like a soft sunbeam on a wintry day,—
It is long gone by, but it rises now,
Like a struggling smile on a care-worn brow,
As the mournful light of memory peers,
With a star-like ray, through the mist of years.

The past is marked with a deadly blight;
But that one hour! O, it still is bright;
Like a lovely leaf of the evergreen,
On the mighty waste of a snow drift seen,
Like the bow engraved on the darkest cloud,
Like one kind friend in a careless crowd;
But the joys it brought, they are fled afar,
Like the wasted light of a burned-out star.

Spring's dullest flower was a brighter gem
Than the fairest, now, in her diadem,
And the saddest bird sang a happier lay
Than the merriest song that I hear to-day;
For joy's bright eye hath the wondrous power
To make the thorn as a golden flower,
And the rudest note is a carol clear,
If joy alone be the listener near.

THE CROSS LADY.

Somewhere—no matter where it lies—
  Pray pardon this omission—
There lived a maid with cross-grained eyes,
  And a cross-grained disposition.

And long convinced, had lovers been,
  That partial mother Nature
Took pattern by a toothache, when
  She formed this darling creature.

For every disagreeable, through
  The legion that attends it,
She had in full, yes, even to
  The dentist's jirk that ends it.

So sour and sad, so cross and mad,—
  And reader, dear, if you, sir,
Can think of aught, that I've forgot,
  That's bad, she had that too, sir.

WRITTEN ALONG SHORE, NAYAT.

Here Nature's beauties all forsake her,
Here stretch the sand banks by the acre,
Here roars the wind, the wave, the breaker,
Here shrieks the gull,—the ill one take her,—
Upon the sportsman's rights encroaching,
Forewarning ducks that death's approaching;
Here glides the hunter, in his clipper,
In quick pursuit of diving dipper;
And thou wilt see him still exploring
The stormy bay, when winds are roaring,
Or by the rocks thou'lt view him creeping,
When wild-fowls on the waves are sleeping,
Each with its head beneath the feathers—
For he is one who dares all weathers;
He is a man who drew his knowledge,
And last degree, from Nature's college,
Which, far away from art's pollution,
Is a most worthy institution!

* * * * *

Thou'lt see, what must of higher class be,
The spot where burned the famous Gaspee;
When flying much too fast, the Briton,
The gloomy point of Nayat lit on;
The scene of this you may survey at

A dismal rock, that lies away at
The murky, rough fag-end of Nayat,
Which rock the lighthouse throws its ray at!

The coldest nights of Winter weather
Alight with many a ruffled feather,
And resting here, send forth their minions,
A vandal brood on little pinions,
To blight all living things in nature;
And woe to that unhappy creature
Who, having shunned these young but cold ones,
May wander by the roost of old ones,
Where they repose in troubled slumber,
Mid rocks and ice and broken lumber,
Upon the headland, shooting narrow,
Down Narragansett, like an arrow.

EVILS OF POVERTY.

How oft, alas! the baneful blight
Of poverty makes wrong of right.
The world would doom to flames infernal,
The starving wretch who steals a kernel
From some rich neighbor's barn, to save
His gaunt limbs from a pauper's grave,
And feed the little life that lags—
A feeble flame—beneath his rags;
While the great merchant, in his ledger,
On every page his soul may wager,
And go unharmed. In bank and game-house,
The stealing thousands makes one famous.

The dress is man's most sure protection,
He's safe when that will bear inspection.
Old Beelzebub comes after wretches,
Whose well worn trousers show the stitches;
But that Cashier, so neat and trim,
The devil never chases him;
There is a fence around gentility,
Besides a natural ability,
To keep away all evil spirits,
And save great scoundrels from their merits.
The harvest wheat alone is theirs,
While the small villain reaps the tares.

O, little heed the lords of earth,
The poor man's unassuming worth;
While he, himself, seems ever sure
Merit's not merit in the poor.
Learning and wealth the truth may teach,
For 'tis but parrot's work to preach;
And Charity still makes her choice
The shortest road; for what her voice
Can preach in one short hour, the fact is,
'Twould take her all her life to practice;
Thus time is saved, and gentle speaking
Wins far more praise than pauper seeking.

SONG OF THE INDIAN.

'Tis the lovely land of our olden fathers,
Where they bent the hunter's bow;
But the white man's herd on the mountain gathers,
And his deep grain waves below.
The pine is gone with his mighty shade,
And the warrior sleeps with his buried blade.

O, happy the day when the wild deer bounded
The glorious forest through;
When the shout of the red man far resounded,
By the Narragansett blue;
Ere the pale face came with his big canoe,
Ere the lightning's glare from his red ranks flew.

Yet they say 'tis right that our bands are riven,
That gone are our council fires,
That our sombre chiefs by the sword are driven
From the graves of their ancient sires.
And they never think, 'mid the toils of art,
Of the wrongs, the tears, of the red man's heart.

But a realm of right to the wronged is given,
Where the weak shall never fall,

Where the spirit-chief, 'mid the hosts of heaven,
Makes room for his children all.
Afar in that beautiful land is room
For the forest child with his eagle plume.

He will chase the deer by the silver river,
Or sit in the council band,
Where the glorious pine trees hang forever,
Like a green roof o'er the land;
And the foot of the pale face ne'er will come
To fright the doe from her shadowy home.

RETROSPECTION.

There's a mute and mournful glory,
  Like a rainbow in the sky,
In the half-forgotten story
  Of the scenes that have gone by.
When in toiling and amassing,
  We have spent the weary day,
And the storm of life is passing
  In the distant sky away;
Then the gentle rainbow seemeth
  To arise amid our years,
And in tranquil beauty beameth,
  As 'twould chide us for our tears;
And would speak of hopes immortal,
  Of a life not yet begun,
Far beyond the golden portal
  That receives the setting sun.
It would tell us all are brothers
  In their woe and joy, and thus
If the world is fair to others,
  So it once had been to us.

Let us ne'er mourn, broken-hearted,
  When the stirring day is o'er,
For it came *once* and departed,
  And to none it cometh more!

Yet I know there is a sadness
In the dusky calm of age,
And it were a sound of gladness
If the storm again would rage.
For we think of all we cherished
In the distant days a-gone,
And of all the hopes that perished
With the passing of a morn.
Of our mother's gentle blessing,
And our sister's cherub smile,
Of our father's kind caressing,
Ere the spirit drempt of guile;
Of the sweet blue eyes that loved us,
Though their love-light long hath died,
Of a thousand dreams that moved us,
Like a feather on the tide—
Till again each sweet affection
Of our youth renews its birth,
And the glance of retrospection
Seems the saddest thing on earth!

THE DAYS.

Gray twilight wraps the dusky town,
And day, o'er yon Autumnal brown,
Fast journeys like a pilgrim down.

No wavelet glances to the view,
On Narragansett's glorious blue,
But breathless, still the gathering hue

Of duskiness comes over all—
A soft brown wing, such as we call
The wing of twilight, in the Fall.

Unlike all sunsets in the year,
The Autumn's setting days are e'er
Sad as the dying's farewell tear.

The wintry day sets in his snow,
And, when his lamp is burning low,
Folds his cold arms in sullen woe.

And while a stern repose he finds,
The solemn and bewailing winds
Flap the broad mantle-sheet that binds

His form, where, 'neath some Western height,
He sleeps, the long, bleak, savage night,
In rugged gloom and monarch might.

The day of spring, a gentle girl,
When Light and Glee their banners furl,
All modest smooths each ruffled curl;

And gliding to her flowery bed,
The blue bells cluster round her head,
And lilies blue, and roses red,

Wave o'er her slumbers all the night,
Till, at the sparkling dawn of light,
She ope's her eyes of violets bright.

The summer day, a ripened maid,
And yet nor sober, coy nor staid,
Sinks with a laugh beneath the shade

Of flowing curtains, darkly green,
Amid the glorious forest scene,
Where waves the oak his heavy sheen.

But Autumn, thou the dying year's
Last offspring, child of timid fears,
Thy days must ever set in tears.

All Nature's beauty hath grown old,
Her dress has lost its fringe of gold,
And the year's weary heart is cold.

And thou, sad child of his old age,
Thy portion and thy heritage,
Is but the meagre right to wage

A hopeless strife with doom and death,
For the poor boon of life and breath,
Fierce Winter's frowning front beneath.

Thou'st nought to hope, thou'st all to dread;
The flowers behind, their fragrance shed,
The fields before, all dreary spread,

Like cheerless deserts, bleak and bare,
While all thy suns set in despair,
And every morn brings deeper care,

Until, as 'neath the frowning sky,
Thy last sad day lies down to die,
The tear-drop freezes in its eye.

Thus since Creation's march began,
The year hath been the type of man,
Whose vernal days commence the span;

Then all his sands in beauty run,
And life and joy are but begun—
Each morning brings a brighter sun;

Each eve a hope for better days,
Till 'neath the broad midsummer blaze,
Life turns the angle and decays.

And downhill from her power and place,
She goes with slow reluctant pace,
To greet old Autumn's pensive face.

Then deepens every hour the gloom,
And nearer every day the tomb,
We weep our long departed bloom.

Then time sweeps fiercer o'er the soul,
As clefts that down the mountain roll,
Speed faster when they near the goal.

Then every eve looks back in tears,
Then every morn augments our fears,
And then we mark how surely nears

That black'ning wing, that thick'ning host,
Where Winter sweeps life's stormy coast,
Marked with the wreck of moments lost.

But let us, while the blue bird's wing
Flutters amid the leaves of Spring,
Pluck some bright flowret blossoming,

That we may in our bosom wear
Some treasure, innocent and fair,
When Autumn fields no verdure bear.

'Twill bring, when all our pleasures wane,
The bright, the visionary train
Of days when flowers were on the plain;

When all the hills in green were clad,
And every bird sang sweet and glad,
Ere came the Autumn, pale and sad.

Oh let us view, as life decays,
Still nearer, with its golden rays,
The clime which hath no change of days;

The fields of immortality,
The clime where all at last shall be
In image of the heavenly.

TO THE DEPARTED.

A voice, a melancholy voice,
Seems ever telling me,
When Spring's bright birds again rejoice,
I'll sweetly rest with thee.

I'll rest with thee, thou unforgot,
And o'er our common grave
The beautiful forget-me-not,
And lily blue, shall wave.

And Death shall cover our solitude
With a pinion, like the wing
That the raven spreads above her brood,
In the lovely months of Spring.

And beautiful our dream will be,
The mystic dream of death,
With all its wondrous witchery,—
The flow'ring turf beneath.

Ah, more than careless eye may see,
Dwells 'neath the willow green,—
A dim, a beauteous imagery,
A type of things unseen.

And while the azure violets creep,
All fondly to thy bed,
A voice, that bids me cease to weep,
Calls sweetly from the dead.

A voice, a melancholy voice,—
'Tis ever telling me,
That when the birds again rejoice,
I'll come to dwell with thee.

DECLINE OF DESPOTISM.

Now to its base the ancient throne
  Trembles before the "might of right;"
And sceptred heads, that scarce had known
  There *could* be liberty or light,
Bend to the dust, and sink beneath
  The arm of retribution strong,
Upraised to crush, with doom and death,
  The old accumulated wrong,—
The wrong of ages,—that had grown,
  Little by little, vast with time,
Till its own weight bore down the throne
  Its hand had raised in pride and crime.

The even hand of Justice brings
  The hour of vengeance, soon or late,
The day of beggars and of kings;
  The morn, the noon, the night of fate.
And truth will stand, whatever fall,
  While despotism rolls away,
Like gloomy night's departing pall,
  Before the dawn of glorious day.
For who the mind of man may chain,
  Or bid it stay its eagle flight?
Or who shall bound the vast domain
  Of progress, and of human might?

JERUSALEM.

O, city of the mighty! thou
Fore doomed of God, in dust to bow,
No longer wrapt in burnished gold,
Thy temple glitters as of old;
No more thy gilded turrets shine,
Thou pride of ancient Palestine.

Thou wast the rich man; at thy gate
The beggar poor did humbly wait
The crumbs that from thy table fell;
Now he is blest, and thou in hell!
The mighty chasm, deep between,
Hath century upon century seen;
And still it rolls a deep'ning sea,
That none may pass from us to thee;
And none from thy unhappy home,
Shall to the poor man's mansion come,
Till the good Shepherd brings, from sin,
The fulness of the Gentiles in.

Far roving back through ages dim,
And Superstition's empire grim,
Mine eye with joy at last surveys
The city of the olden days.

I list the sound of thousands met
On beautiful Mount Olivet;
And view, amid the glitter bright,
Each sombre, bearded Israelite;
The haughty Scribe of high degree,
The old self-righteous Pharisee;
And, at the sinner's humble board,
The meek disciple of the Lord;
While gleaming in the sweet sunrise,
The templed pride of Judah lies,
In glory and in tranquil power,
With palace arch and fortress tower.

But when the clanging trumpet calls,
Before her old embattled walls,
In that dark hour let those which be
In Judea, to the mountains flee!
Fill ye your fathers' measure, then,
Ye vipers, ye unrighteous men,
That on you, in that hour of doom,
The blood of all the just may come,
When blazing o'er your temple towers,
The eagle of the Roman soars.
Then came the doom, then came the woe,
In the old days of long ago;
The mighty harvest of the Lord,
Foretold by Christ's prophetic word.

They passed from that tremendous strife,
The righteous to eternal life,
The blinded, still on evil bent,
To everlasting punishment;
Dispersed through every land afar,
To dwell 'neath an ill-omened star.

Yet deem not an eternal doom
On blinded Israel shall come;
For is not God the God of all?
Or have they stumbled that they fall?
Though long ago from Judah's line,
Passed the fair fields of Palestine,
The great Messiah's glorious hand,
Shall yet set Israel in his land.
The everlasting punishment
Endures but till the veil is rent,—
The veil of darkness, o'er the face
Of hapless Judah's wandering race;
Till Zion free the souls enslaved,—
"And so all Israel shall be saved."

PICKING WHORTLEBERRIES.

In picking whortleberries
  She first encountered me;
Her cheeks were sweet as cherries,
  That hang on yonder tree.

Her charming teeth were blackened
  By berries many a one;
Her apron-string was slackened,
  To hang her basket on.

She turned in sweet confusion,
  And hastened from me then;
Because, in such seclusion,
  She feared to speak with men.

I handed her a floweret,
  Her bashfulness to cure,
But nothing could o'erpower it,
  And still she looked demure.

It thrilled my heart to see it
  Bedeck her bosom fair;
Oh, how I wished to be it,
  And dwell enraptured there!

She knew not him who gave it,
And crimson dyed her brow,
But, as kind fate will have it,
Full well she knows him now.

LINES.

Her silvery voice is ringing,
  As in days of old,
  When flowers of gold
In the morn of life were springing.

And her wavy rings of raven,
  They are shining now,
  O'er her sweet young brow,
In my lonely heart engraven.

And the deep, deep eyes of azure,
  With their light untrue,
  And their dreamy blue,—
How dear is the cherished treasure.

Yet it drives my soul to madness,
  And the clouds rise black,
  As the past comes back
With its overwhelming sadness.

THE DEATH OF ABNER.

So Joab and Abishai his brother slew Abner because he had slain their brother Asahel at Gibeon in the battle.—2 Sam. iii. 30.

The warrior fell not where his sword
Had smote the fierce Philistine horde,
He fell not where the charger's tramp,
Resounding, shook the battle camp,
He fell not where his gleaming blade
Had well the steely torrent stayed,
When, at the trumpet's thrilling call,
He led the bannered host of Saul.

Where swords did flash and helmets glance,
Beneath the shock of charging lance;
Where shrill the battle clarion sang,
And wild the clash of armor rang;
Amid the rush of neighing horse,
Amid the surge of thundering force,—
That glorious plume, all snowy fair,
Had nodded, but it sank not there.

That plume had been the last to fly,
When Saul had cast the fatal die;
That sword had been the last to yield
On dread Gilboa's mountain field;

And first the tide of war to breast,
Had ever been that golden crest;
The star of battle, Israel's boast,
The terror of Philistia's host.

He sank afar from warrior band,
Where none might stay the daggered hand,
The hand well taught in treacherous school—
Yet died not Abner as the fool!
As one falls before wicked men,
Who give not faith for faith again,—
With princely heart, that might not bow
To aught save death,—so fellest thou!

Thy blood rest on his guilty head,
Who blood of war in peace hath shed!
Who the avenging dagger drew,
For one thy hand in battle slew.
O! prince of Israel, give heed,
Reward the traitor for his deed,
Nor peaceful to its mansion low,
Let the hoar head of Joab go.

O BURY ME.

Oh bury me at the bright sunrise,
When his beams first flash afar,
And the woodlark springs to the golden skies,
Like a day created star!

For I would have every creature glad,
When I go to the realm of rest;
When the soul, in its fadeless beauty clad,
Communes with the good and blest!

And bury me where the birds can come,
In the leafy trees, and sing;
Where the step of man may never roam,
And the flowers come forth in Spring!

And o'er my grave breathe forth one prayer,
One heartfelt prayer, to heaven;
Then turn away, and to Nature's care
Be the mouldering sleeper given!

WISHES.

"I wish I were a picture,"
Said a little prattling boy,
"For a picture is so beautiful,
And its face so full of joy!

"There is a pretty lady
In the parlor of mamma,
With a ribbon blue upon her head,
And upon her breast a star.

"And she ever smiles so sweetly,
And her soft eyes are so blue,
That I wish, when I look on her,
I might be a picture too.

"She is never sad, like others,
For she smiles when people die;
And she never seems to hear it
When the funeral goes by.

"Her blue, bright eyes are beaming,
And each seems a little dream,
Or a violet reflected
In the silver of a stream!

"And she always is so happy,
Though the saddest things occur,
That I wish I were a picture,
In a pretty frame, like her.

"I wonder if a picture
Ever thinks thoughts of its own?
If it smiles so very sweetly,
When we leave it all alone?

"If it knows it is a picture,
While we are speaking thus?
But oh! it is too beautiful
To wish itself like us.

"And I wish I were the lady,"
Said the pretty little boy,
"For her eyes are blue and beautiful,
And her face is full of joy."

TO MARY.

I dreamed alone of thy blue eyes,
I lived alone for thee,
Nor thought how youthful pleasure dies,
Like sunlight on the sea;
Till black and drear the surges sweep,
And nearer still the grave,
Where o'er the bounds of life shall leap
The last tremendous wave.

They will not come again, those days,
They will not come again;
They came with summer's amber rays,
And died in wint'ry rain;
They came when calm the genial sky,
And fled in stormy hours,—
As from the clouded stream will fly
Reflected forms of flowers.

But when thy violet eyes are dim,
Amid the years that dwell
Far in the future, think of him
Who bids thee now farewell.
Whose youthful love with ardor warm
Scorned all concealing art,
And, like his song, came ever from
The fountain of his heart.

THE STRANGE SAIL.

One night the wind was blowing hard, north-west,
And Mount Hope bay was like a boiling pot;
The foaming waves upon its troubled breast,
Seemed like the wicked man who resteth not.

The long, bleak shores were lashed and lashed again,
The little shallops dancing beat the strand,
And troops of sea-shells, that for years had lain,
Chased one another tinkling o'er the sand.

But all was blackness in the central bay,
While snowy whiteness wrapt the sounding shore,
And many a small bark had put forth that day,
On waves which might return their trust no more.

The little island, desolate and lone,
That on the waters takes a mid-way station,
Looked like a potentate upon his throne,
Amid the revolution of a nation.

'Tis a small isle, a heap of barren earth,
That hath not yet the blessing of a name;
Though the lone waters, doubtless, watched its birth,
Ere Roger Williams to the Province came.

A thousand sea-fowl buffeted the spray,
Their white breasts gleaming ever and anon;
While like a meteor, darting far away,
The gray gull soared, the whistling blast upon.

At the loud roar the sleeping mountain quaked,
As the stern sound upon his dream intruded,
And shook his gray old garb, and half awaked,
Then slept again and o'er his vision brooded.

Ah, who may know thy dream, thou mountain hoary!
Perchance that uproar changed thy visioned train,
Until ye deemed that, in his olden glory,
The Wampanoag had returned again.

Returned again to battle for his home;
Dug up the hatchet, and the pipe of peace
Had buried by that bank of roaring foam,
And joined the struggle, but with life to cease.

All this is but the preface to a tale,
Or legend, of the sea, which every one
Knows, from its title, is of a strange sail,
And not of deeds by painted warriors done.

Yet ever in the darksome wilderness,
There is a charm which leads me oft astray;

Till the proud savage in his warrior dress,
Comes all unbidden, in my rustic lay.

Those who can love alone the summer scene,
May wish my pictured landscape somewhat milder;
And thus it is, when waving all in green,
But now 'twas wild,—I'd seldom seen it wilder.

It was my wont in Winter days to go
Adown the bay, and every nook explore,
Shooting all things that dared their heads to show
Above the wave, a gunshot from the shore.

Sometimes a loon, sometimes a worthless coot,
Became my prey, but oftener than this,
A weary frame was labor's only fruit,
Or I would spoil some chirping squirrel's bliss.

And thus it happened, I had wandered late
This wintry day, and shot some harmless sparrows,
When, coming home, I saw through darkness great,
The form of something going through the Narrows.

The Narrows is a narrow place, between
The river and the bay, at the North side;
And this dark object, which was dimly seen,
Had in its favor both the wind and tide.

And here upon the torrent's roaring force,
On billows white as snow-flakes from the sky,
It swept like Death upon the pale white horse,
Though somewhat larger than His Majesty.

It was, I knew not what,—but now and then,
As high the wave its tossing side would lift,
I fancied it a hen-coop, and again
A certain other building, gone adrift.

But bounding, plunging, on and on it went,
Like mad, before the torrent and the gale,
As though a witch, on wanton mischief bent,
Were practising to personate a whale.

I paused a little just below the bank,
And could perceive but dimly through the night,
Something which wore the semblance of a plank,
'Gainst which the waves were venting all their spite.

But scarcely was it seen, ere it was hid;
And plunging headlong rose in other form,
Until the gathering darkness quite forbid
A farther view, through the increasing storm.

Yet still I heard the mighty lash of waters,
The dashing roar which welcomed the unknown,

Denoting it had found indifferent quarters
In the wide bay, where it had swum or flown.

And then methought, from distance faint and dim,
There came the sound of many a whirring wing,
Where wild-fowl hurried from the stranger grim,
But 'twas perchance the wind's loud revelling.

For wild it blew, and fiercely from my head
The hunter's cap was borne adown the gorge,
And the red 'kerchief, mounted in its stead,
Streamed like the meteor banner of St. George.

I hastened homeward wrapt in meditation,
And soon related the foregoing scene,
While no one seemed endowed with penetration
To fathom what it might, or might not mean.

And therefore it disturbed my own tranquility,
Some, thought aside can like a garment fling,
And, though not wanting in ability,
Let omens do their own interpreting.

But this is not myself; I wish to know
The why and wherefore of all things that are,
Or are not, for that matter,—thus I go
A sort of dream or personified night-mare.

Such people flourish now and then on earth,
  They spend their days in slowly tracing back
The footsteps of effect, until her birth
  And parentage close up the rearward track.

And others take effects where they appear,
  Without the trouble of inquiring whence;
If come by turnpike, trodden year on year,
  Or some cross alley, over mire and fence.

But here I wander from the proper theme,
  And, half asleep, may waste the reader's time,
Who would not thank me, though my nodding dream
  Should border on the beautiful sublime.

As I have said, the visionary bark,
  Or phantom monster, troubled me somewhat,
Because I am quite timid in the dark,
  Although by day this nonsense is forgot.

And yet I owe a mighty debt to darkness,
  As some few others do, whom I could name,
And reader, dear, I beg you will remark this
  With heart of pity rather than of blame.

Retiring to my chamber, there to list
  The winds that thundered like a torrent flood,

I could not the unwelcome thought resist,
That the strange sail foreboded little good.

For I had heard and read of many an omen,
That sadly did its future hour fulfil;
And knew that those who fear not mortal foemen,
Oft quake at ghosts, which may intend no ill.

The mortal bosom starts with quick affright
When the pale phantom from his solemn bed,
Repasses the unfathomable night,
That separates the living from the dead.

'Tis a strange fear, to fear what we must be,
Or what perchance we had been, ere we came
From out the bosom of eternity,
To bide embodied in an earthly frame.

But all these wonders leave the mind in doubt
Upon their merits, and the like of that;
Nor to this day has witchcraft figured out
How much it owes the revel of a rat.

'Tis planted in our childhood in the heart,
This little seed of an ungrounded fear;
Our grandma sowed it, and, despite our art,
In after life some stealthy shoots appear.

It springs to life on every fresh occasion,
And in my heart I felt it now expand;
Its superstitious growth mocked all persuasion,
Alike unheeding counsel and command.

'Tis true my witch was but a water-witch,
If witch it were, yet on this foothold slender,
My fancy raised the broomstick and the switch,
And all the witches since the witch of Endor.

And when the sun in blazing beauty came,
O'er the drear fields, on that December morn,
Like captive freed, I hailed the golden flame,
Still wond'ring where the phantom sail had gone.

* * *

The sun was up on fair Nantucket's Isle,
The ocean fogs had slowly rolled away,
Some islandmen were clamming, and the while
They saw an object in the distance gray.

One raised his head, and leaning on his hoe,
"What now?" said he, "good fortune sure is near;
A humpback's fins above the water show,—
Run townward, Mitchel, for the whaling gear!

"Bring round the boat, but let no person know,
Or the whole Island comes in for the spoil!"

It is well known, Nantucket-men will row
From here to Lapland, for a pint of oil.

Their very Island only wants the wick in,
To be a lamp, and every lady fair
Loves, better than a Mother Cary's chicken,
The smell of blubber and the ocean air.

But I digress. "No," said the other, "'tis
The serpent, there is so much talk about;
I just now saw a coil or two of his,
And 'tis the serpent, I have little doubt.

"The creature has a liking for the sand,
And here is any quantity he wants;
So will he coil upon our speck of land,
Like a large viper on a hill of ants."

"No, no," returned a third, "this cannot be;
Sea-serpents have no feathers, as birds do;
It seems a wounded pelican, to me;
Behold its wings, see where the shot went through."

Perchance the reader here may pause a space,
To marvel at each varying decision;
But this was in the nature of the case,—
Besides, the waves obstruct a person's vision.

And all were wrong; for distance is deceiving,
  And closer view spoils many goodly plans;
The object, now enlarged beyond believing,
  Seemed larger than a thousand pelicans.

At times a mainsail and a ragged banner
  Upon the waters fluttered like a wing;
For it became a vessel, in a manner,
  And then again was but a shapeless thing.

The sight was strange! Nantucket's population,
  Or most of it, soon gathered on the shore,
Or from a sand-bank's lofty elevation,
  Saw what they deemed no eye had seen before.

But here they were mistaken, for one eye,
  The sparkling eye of beauty, and a bride,
Was well conversant, in the days gone by,
  Not only with the out, but inner side.

The phantom straightway headed for the land,
  And many people, as they moved their feet,
Seemed thinking, that, if an advance is grand,
  No less so is an honorable retreat!

For they had read of famous Xenophon,
  Who of two evils wisely chose the least;

Retiring from the Persian, then upon
The pinnacle of glory in the East.

Some, deeply learned in all historic lore,
Said it might be the Argo, come from Greece,
But she must seek upon Nantucket's shore
Some other cargo than a golden fleece.

Great was the wonderment, and one, at last,
Exclaimed, "it is the yawl of Noah's ark!
I think the Bible says she broke her fast,
And drifted from her owner in the dark!

"The patriarch was sleeping sound below,
As were his shipmates, on the deck together,
When in her head she took a freak to go,
And so they lost her, for 'twas dirty weather.

"But see! this craft is larger than a shallop;
'Tis part and portion of the ark itself;
And through the breakers coming at a gallop,
As though the helm were guided by an elf!"

All gazed, and terror reigned in every breast,
For wonder's self at last had struck the beach;
And still more wonderful than all the rest,
They found it had the goodly power of speech.

A loud, stern voice cried, " satirize 'em, then,*
'Tis all the way you'll ever get to fame!
Stare this base rabble at the * * * * * * * * * *
No! satirize 'em! call 'em all by name!

Give them a line from some satiric poet,
Like Pope or Dryden; strike at vice a blow,
'Talk not of honor'—but no more—they know it—
I quoted this to them long years ago.

Tell them no more potatoes will ye bring,
And while forever ye withhold your blessing,
Far up the Isle to her your farewell fling,
Who sits alone in widowhood distressing.

Avaunt ye rabble! From black Hades risen!
Last night the bark ye hoped no more to see,
Broke o'er the boundary of her ten years' prison,
And to your Isle hath winged herself and me."

They turned! The sand flew fast behind the throng,
And well it might, for with his locks of gray,
With that old cap, and beard six inches long,
Noah stood on deck, half blinded by the spray.

* This verse and the one next following will be perfectly plain to those who are able to interpret the mystery of our story.

TO A DESERTED BARK.

Old rover of the sounding sea,
  Why art thou here forsaken?
Cannot the North wind, sweeping free,
  Thy energies awaken?

Hark! hear the deep in fury wake!
  Hast thou no wish to view it?
O! hear'st thou not the billows shake
  The shore of * * * * * * * * *?

Ah me! thy roving days are o'er,
  Thou'rt but a leaky bucket;
Methinks thou'lt never carry more
  Potatoes to * * * * * * * * *!

Where is the Captain who, with pride,
  Once mounted o'er thy quarter;
With woolen rags to caulk thy side
  Against the ocean water—

Who pounded brick to paint thee red,
  (Alas, how vain the labor,)
While eels and sharks affrighted fled
  Their grim but harmless neighbor?

Thy lord and thee are worse for wear—
His beard remains unshaven,
And colored, like the grizzly bear,
Are locks that once were raven.

And thou art left to dull decay,
While he's on high and dry land;
Thou who did'st bring his bride away
From old * * * * * * * * * Island.

He fixed his portrait on thy stem,
And joyed when he had done it;
He rigged a mainsail gaff "*protem*,"
With all the bark upon it.

And that old handspike he did raise,
To be for topmast serving;
But thou art, (and I seldom praise,)
Of better things deserving.

Why don't you come before his eyes,
At night's black hour, to haunt him?
Beside his bed, if thou should'st rise,
Methinks 'twould somewhat daunt him.

I would not thus lie on the shelf
Or longer care about him;

Why don't you hoist your sail yourself,
And go to sea without him.

Yea! take a load of something nice,
Some pumpkins and potatoes,
Some carrots and some onion spice,
Round turnips and tomatoes;

And straight to old * * * * * * * * * go,
In all your ragged beauty;
And should you sink, how sweet to know
Death caught you at your duty.

SPIRITS.

There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.—1 Cor. xv. 44.

O, are their forms like those of earth,
The spirits of the dead,
Those children of the heavenly birth,
From sin's corruption fled?

Is there, within this earthy frame,
A form that never dies,
Bright, though unseen, a form the same
With those that roam the skies?

I know not, for, on this sad shore,
None view beyond the clod—
Perchance the dead may know far more
Of nature and of God.

Incomprehensibility
Hath many a truth concealed
From mortal ken, that yet shall be
In glorious light revealed.

Then fear ye not the reaper's scythe,
Nor ask, in doubt and gloom,

"How are the dead raised up, and with
What body do they come?"

Our being to itself is true,
The faultless chain is strong,
And whatsoever man may do,
Kind heaven will do no wrong.

FRAGMENT.

Sweet Nature's face was wrapt in gloom,
  As though the happy slept
A long, deep slumber in the tomb,
  While all the waking wept.

But while I mused in dreamy doubt,
  Far in the arch on high,
One little, lonely star came out
  With melancholy eye.

And still the wind sang drearily,
  And still the star shone on,—
Like hope, o'er life's tempestuous sea,
  One star, and only one.

Methought when joys afar are flown,
  How dear the gentle light
Of one sweet hope, that all alone
  Looks through the solemn night.

TO A CHILD.

May the Father of all, who loves to bless,
Wherever thy path may be,
Watch over thy infant loveliness
With a kindly care for thee.
He bids the violets grow, sweet child,
And the lamps of heaven shine,
And he planted the dark old forest wild
With the royal oak and pine.

The bounding sea, with its myriad waves,
By him were as soon forgot,
As the beauteous, gurgling stream that laves
The bank by thy mother's cot.
From him may'st thou learn benevolence,
And a tender love for those
Who have nought but truth and innocence,
For a shield 'gainst mightiest foes.

And when thou art grown to womanhood,
Remember, my gentle child,
That wondrous power o'er the bad and good
Hath a kind word, soft and mild.
And if any—when tears to thine eye find way—
If any should wipe the gem,
Oh, forget them not in their adverse day,
Nor refuse thou the boon to them.

MYSTERY.

The mystery has all come out,
And Climax wears upon his head
The cap folks talk so much about,—
A little cap with ribbons red.
And so they've capped the climax now,
And old Quandary grimly smiles,
To hear the snap that shuts the trap,
And see the game within his toils.

A sad mishap,—and, happen when
They may, such things will make a stir;
Misfortune laughs, of course, but then
The blue-eyed girl,—'tis hard for her;
And hard for me, poor, thoughtless loon,
Who dreamed not when I used to sing
Her rosy charms, that quite so soon
From the old stalk a bud would spring.

Where, by "love rock," the ripples play,
Methinks we'll not soon go again;
There loved we in a better day,
But thou wast not so fruitful then.
Oh, well, there comes an end to all,
And every thing, and so of this;
The play is past, the curtains fall
O'er deeds well done, and deeds amiss.

THE EXILE.

Our lady's here no more a liver,
But dwells an exile in Fall River,
Where hearty welcome may they give her.

The "wild cat" war no more can maim her,
Nor scandalizing gossips blame her;
Ah me! they are not fit to name her.

Among themselves they'll do their scratching,
Her strength with their's she'll not be matching,
She's gone beyond the power of catching.

O, guard her steps, ye powers above her,
Let pleasures sweet around her hover,
And all that see her deeply love her.

May all her foes, of every station,
From every wicked combination,
Reap sorrow and renewed vexation.

May every hour their evils double,
May civil war and foreign trouble
Burn them, as flames burn up the stubble.

And while each day new ill discloses,
O may they look where she reposes,
And see her friends spring up like roses.

Full many an one is broken hearted,
And many a gentle tear has started
From many an eye, since she departed.

Well may we all sincerely weep her,
Well may we in remembrance keep her,
Well may our love grow deep and deeper;

For she is one beloved of heaven,
One who, though her own heart is riven,
Hath all her tears to others given.

Her griefs may pass—she'll not deplore them—
The poor she places bread before them,
The friendless, aye, she watches o'er them.

Look ye for love, kind, sweet and warming?
For learning, wit and beauty, charming?
Behold! they're all upon her swarming!

Ye who are old, or poor, or weary,
Alone you'll take your pathway dreary,
For she is not here now to cheer ye.

Ye who have fed on fortune's clover,
Mourn pleasures past and frolics over,
Till homeward wends the lovely rover.

Our land is now a land benighted,
A land of budding pleasures blighted,—
The star's gone out, that all things lighted!

A lovely star, more sweet than Saturn,
Which charmed each thing that wore a hat on,
Though still of modesty a pattern.

You maids that wink beneath a bonnet,
You need not laugh, and say she's done it,
You yet will find she's scarce begun it.

But here my pen its task refuses;
Just while I grasp a theme which chooses
The softest song known to the muses,

I bid you all a farewell prayerful,—
So of your virtue be ye careful,
And strive to *keep* full, while ye *are* full.

DIVERSITIES.

Full often proved the simple truth hath been,
And who denies it must have wretched eyes,
That in the world there are all sorts of men,—
The good, the bad, the senseless and the wise.

Some gentle hearts like roses deck the earth,
And fragrance shed on every thing created;
And some grow up as devils from their birth,
As monsters vile, to hate and to be hated.

Some luxuriate on that they never earned,
And bask in joy, but value not its light;
While some by friendship and by fortune spurned,
Toil all the day, and eat a crust at night.

Some walk the earth, the mightiest of souls,
Napoleonic, for an empire born;
Some slowly creep, till night upon them rolls,
And leave behind no vacancy when gone.

Some toil through time in everlasting pain,
By opposition endlessly afflicted;
While some there are who cannot even gain
The privilege of being contradicted.

And such is life! what it is not to some,
It is to others; and did we not deem
That "restitution of all things will come,"
How sad would be this nightmare-haunted dream!

Soon shall we go, like others who are gone;
But Hope to man points out a brighter day,
A fairer bloom, a more effulgent morn,
A better world that will not pass away.

TO * * *

I cannot bear to see thee thus,
The sport, the jest of cruel tongue;
Thou gentle one of whom I sung,
When happy fortune smiled on us,
Nor shadow o'er the morning hung.

O, turn thy steps, for still may Fate
From thee avert the dreaded doom;
And sure forgiveness yet hath room
For those that come, though e'er so late,—
And thou art in thy early bloom.

* * * * *

TO MARY.

O, the flowers shall bloom around us,
While in Time's domain we dwell,
Where the band of love hath bound us,
Till we wave the world farewell!

Till we pass the gloomy river,
That divides us from the dead;
Till the sun shall set forever,
And the dream of life be fled!

Then in all thy beauty vernal,
Thou wilt join me in my rest,
Where the green trees wave eternal,
By the river of the blest!

LINES FOR COMMENCEMENT OF SUMMER.

Now comes again the gentle summer tide,
When nature, smiling with a modest pride,
Her flowery mantle spreads beneath our feet,
With violets and blue-eyed daisies sweet;
Fair roses fringe the far-extending green,
From every hedge the fragrant hawthorns lean;
The wild thrush chirps amid luxuriant leaves,
Soft, sweet and sad the mournful cuckoo grieves;
And deep and vast, o'ershadowing hill and vale,
The dark old forest greets the glorious gale.

And you, kind readers of my rustic rhyme,
How bide your hearts the mighty march of time?
Say, are ye wiser, better, than when last
This flowery season swept in glory past?
May you rejoice, or have ye cause to sigh,
O'er deeds that meet the great All-father's eye?
Have ye to love each earthly brother learned,
And some good act for every ill returned?
And unto Ceasar rendered all his own?
And unto God the things of God alone?
Looked at the motive, rather than the deed,
And 'gainst the action weighed the crying need?
Wept with the sad, closed dark-eyed envy's door,

And stretched the hand to shield the honest poor?
Oh, then, to you with joy shall Summer come,
With ten-fold beauty shall its roses bloom,
Nor shall ye envy lords or mighty kings,
While in your hearts the humble violet springs.

Oh, still with hope, look forward to the day
When peace shall hold an universal sway;
The wolf and leopard lie beside the kid,
And man no longer do the things forbid;
Then shall the Spring be sweeter far than ours,—
Then shall the Summer never lose its flowers,—
And then, and there, may we all meet at last,
No more to mourn the present or the past.

ON THE RETURN OF MAY.

Again the merry blue-bird sweetly sings,
The tuneful robin mounts the wavy spray,
And by the stream the snowy lily springs,
While dressed in flowing, rosy plumage gay,
A gentle, modest bride, comes ever welcome May.

Through boughs of green the vernal breezes play,
And vanquished Winter flaps his icy wings,
High o'er the gloom of Hudson's frozen bay,
Or on the pole his dreary shadow flings,
Where never summer's sun one ray of gladness brings.

Now rove o'er charming fields the cherub girls,
In search of fairest flowers, sweet nymphs of Love;
With blushing, blooming cheeks, and raven curls,
And voices borrowed from the turtle dove,
Methinks some angel shower did bring them from above.

I love thee, merry May, though now thy glee
Recalls sad thoughts I gladly would forget,
Of hours long buried in eternity,
And gentle hopes long since in darkness set,—
Love, friendship, joys, that all one common fate have met.

Oh, sweetest daughter of the rolling year,
Thou would'st be welcome could'st thou bring again
The spring-time of my heart, and dry the tear
That fills mine eye, for airy visions vain,
And pure and dream-like joys that now no more remain.

Ah, seasons pass, and Spring shall come and go,
While earth upon her axis moves diurnal,
But nought again can bring the joyous glow
Back to the weary heart, with roses vernal,
Till Time shall sleep in Death, till Spring shall bloom eternal!

THE CROW'S ADDRESS.

Most worthy steed,—my friends and I,
The lonely forest's pride,
Have congregated from the sky,
To ask thee for thy hide.

We know that thou did'st labor long
At patient cart and plough;
And likewise know 'tis very wrong
For us to pick thee now.

But we are hungry; famished need
Wails round our rookery;
Necessities for actions plead,
And ours appeal to thee.

To thee, how valueless thy clay
Without the moving soul;
To us, how precious, since it may
Tyrannic want control.

Thy lamp gone out, no breath can wake,
Thy span aside is thrown,
And shall we not the fragment take
To lengthen out our own.

Shrill shrieks the wind athwart the wood,
And bids us haste our feast;
Now of the ills that o'er us brood,
Let rookdom choose the least.

THE PIGEONS.

Those birds,—I well remember
How they used to come and go
From the overhanging eaves
To the pigeon house below.
There was one, a copper-color,
And one was white as snow;
And another like a raven—
All flying to and fro.

And one, a charming fellow,
I well remember that,
With a tuft upon his head
Like the war plume of Murat;
He was always in a quarrel
With a swallow or a bat,
But he met his fate at last,
In a duel with a cat.

I am thinking, even now,
How they used to build their nest,
And the old bird's eggs were white
As the feathers on her breast.
But the old ones and the young ones
Long since have gone to rest,

And the little room is desolate
Where gentle loves were blest.

And the spider's web is woven
Above the little door,
And the dust is fallen sadly
Along the ancient floor;
And the fluttering wings are silent,
The coo coo is no more,
For the hand of death hath wasted
The loveliness of yore.

OLD AGE.

I venerate the aged one,
With scattered locks of snow;
The weary race is almost run,
He soon from time must go.
He 'minds me of an ancient pine,
That in the woods I see:
The Spring may come, the Summer shine,
In vain to that old tree.

An age ago, in youthful prime,
The tree was waving fair,
Yet now the ravages of time
Have left it old and bare.
But yet, unlike the aged tree,
Shall man renew his youth,
And bloom through all eternity,
In joy, and love, and truth.

BE KIND TO OLD AGE.

Be ever kind to those who bend,
Beneath the weight of time,
For they were once, like thee, my friend,
In blooming manhood's prime.

But bitter cares, and weary years,
Have borne their joys away,
Till nought remains but age and tears,
And dark'ning, dim decay.

Life sweetest hours have hastened past,
Its bloom is faded now;
And dusky twilight deepens fast
Along the furrowed brow.

And soon the shattered remnants all
A narrow house receives;
For, one by one, they silent fall
Like withered Autumn leaves.

Oh! then be kind, where'er thou art,
Nor deem such action vain;
Kind words can make the aged heart
Seem almost young again.

Cheer thou the weary pilgrim on
To yonder mansion cold,
And may the same for thee be done,
When thou, thyself, art old.

SADNESS.

O, when I think of early time,
Before I dreamed of care or crime,
And backward look from Winter's clime,
To Summer's prime,
I'm sad, ah, very sad!

And when the loved of fortune meet,
I think, while fly their dancing feet,
Of those who have no friends to greet
With welcome sweet,—
'Tis sad, oh! very sad!

And when I see the chilling frown
Of some rich miser, looking down
Upon the poor, who throng the town,
Himself a clown,
I'm sad, ah! very sad!

When I behold the modest slurred
By some rude act or bitter word,
And see by this the thoughtless herd
To laughter stirred,
I'm sad, O! I am sad!

But when I think great Mammon's store
Can ne'er unbolt death's gloomy door,
Or raise the rich above the poor,
When life is o'er,
I am no longer sad!

When sure that all alike must go
From this dark world of toil and wo,
To one where light will ever glow,
Joy endless flow,
I'm glad, O! I am glad!

LINES TO A FRIEND.

Amid the storm, amid the strife,
When friendship's joys are flown,
Oh dare to meet the worst of life,
Undaunted and alone.

'Tis glorious, 'tis great to stand
Where other hearts would yield,
And wield, with thine unaided hand,
The clashing sword and shield.

When foes assail thy cause or thee,
Fear not the tempest black,
Rise with the stern emergency,
And hurl their thunder back.

Grasp reason with unyielding hand,
Bring hidden truth to light,
Nor tremble, though old Error's band
Arrays itself in might.

The subterfuge of man despise,
And, as with whirlwind blast,
Sweep falsehood from thy path, and rise
Victorious at last.

And may o'erruling Wisdom guide,
And Justice go with thee,
To glory's pinnacle of pride
And immortality.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

We pray with a glad emotion,
To the shepherd of the fold;
We pray with a warm devotion,
Like the prophet bards of old;

We pray when the morn awaketh,
And at eventide we pray,
To "the Lamb of God, which taketh
The sin of the world away;"

With a hopeful, prayerful yearning
For souls that have gone astray;
We look for their glad returning
In the joyful, promised day.

From their darkness, sin and grieving,
They at last shall turn again;
Shall their sinful unbelieving
Make the "faith of God" in vain?

At the beaming heavenly portal,
When the trump shall sounded be,
They shall change all that is mortal,
For an immortality.

And the prayer of faith still treasures
The hope, as it waiting yearns,
Till leavened are all the measures,
And the prodigal returns.

THE PASSING OF TIME.

While roving far, o'er hill and valley green,
Reaping the harvest of mortality,
Old Father Time bent o'er a merry scene,
And saw a child upon its mother's knee.
The child was born a prince of high degree,
And many loving voices whispered praise;
And fond anticipation, anxiously
Looked forward to his coming, golden days.

Time came again, when manhood, in its prime,
Seemed bidding proud defiance to his hand,
And a voice whispered, "what care I for Time?
I am the lord of all this favored land."
Then old Time lightly tapped him with his wand,
And beckoned to a vassal, named Decay,
Who stept from out a ghostly looking band,
And breathed on manhood's locks till they were gray.

And Time passed on, and many days went by,
Till mortals heard the tolling of a bell;
And all was gloom, and men, with anxious sigh,
Inquired the meaning of the mournful knell.
Then Mem'ry stept from out the crowd, to tell
Of that sweet child, born many years ago;
And he was dead, and Time the solemn bell
Was o'er his ruin tolling, sad and slow.

THE OLD HORSE.

He is going down hill, the old horse is,
And soon will be claimed by the crows;
He has met with misfortunes and crosses,
But soon will be rid of his woes.
Oh, the fire is gone out that was gleaming
And glowing long since in his eye;
And he seemeth to me, to be dreaming
Of days that have long hurried by.

Perchance his old mind is surveying
The scenes of an earlier time;
Perchance it is thoughtfully straying
Far back to the days of his prime;
The days when he rolled in the clover,
Or merrily galloped the plain;
He ponders them over and over,
But never can see them again.

By his pleasures he now is forsaken,
He has nothing to yield but his breath,
And a courser his steps has o'ertaken,
Whose ghastly old rider is death.
He is feeble and poor, the old horse is,
He has felt the hard hand of decay,
And perchance his old spirit rejoices,
To know it will soon be away.

ON THE DEATH OF A HORSE.

'Neath the shadow of death he is lying,
He has passed the dark bed of the river,
And he never again can be dying,—
He is free from his sorrows forever.

At his birth the dread sentence was given,
And ne'er was that sentence abated—
'Tis the solemn decree of high heaven,
For death are all horses created.

When life's chequered day was first dawning,
How oft in the meadow he wandered,
When the woodlark sang sweet to the morning,
Or the streamlet at twilight meandered.

Thus fast on the journey he started,
But the joys that were gathered around him,
One after another departed,
Nor left the old horse as they found him.

They found him surrounded by plenty,
And briskly employing his grinders;
They left him about five-and-twenty,
Without any more need of his blinders.

And now from his toil he is resting,
And whenever I think of his crosses,
I hope, (and 'tis not idle jesting,)
That there may be a heaven for horses.

SHORE OF MOUNT HOPE BAY.

As here alone I stray,
By the waters of the bay,
  Sweeping clear;
I am dreaming of the day
When the arrow winged its way
  On the deer.

But the arrow lies forlorn,
And the bounding roe and fawn
  Are no more;
And the dark plumed forest born,
With his light canoe, is gone
  From the shore.

Where the stately oak did stand,
Are the ashes of his band
  Deep below;
But in the spirit land,
Does the phantom warrior's hand
  Bend the bow.

THE OLD MAN.

He once was young, and full of hope as thou,
Who thinkest not thy joys will pass away;
The rays of morning glittered on his brow,
Where now the shades of dusky twilight play.
And oftentimes his memory goes back
To the old days of unreturning joy;
It is a long, a bleak, and weary track
To that far time; and he was then a boy;
A little boy that ran among the flowers,
And chased the birds from holly bush and tree,
Or launched his tiny boat from pebbled shores,
Viewing her catch the soft wind of the sea.

But now his head is whitened by the snows
Of many winters; and scarce aught remains
Save one faint dream of youth, that often grows
Almost a bright reality, and gains
The only sunny side of his lone heart,
Where it reposes, like a tender bird
Driven by warring Winter winds, apart
From its companions, till its notes are heard,
Feeble and low, upon the southern verge
Of some old wood, whence every leaf is fled—
Here shall it dwell until the mighty surge
Of death rolls o'er the old man's snowy head.

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

To mark the day when came the wave
That bore him from the shore of time,
There rises o'er the poor man's grave
No monument sublime.

He passed away. His fellow-men
Scarce looked upon his sable hearse.
And why? His head and heart had been
Far richer than his purse.

They laid him here. No marble rose
As o'er yon gilded villain's bed;
But only one white daisy shows
Where worth lay down its head.

And all alone the daisy blooms,
For not one flower its vigil keeps
Amid this citadel of tombs,
Save where the poor man sleeps.

So should it be. The good man's gold
Is with his spirit passed away;
And they should claim the marble cold
Whose wealth was all in clay.

He was not robbed by death of aught
He valued; but, for care and woe,
Death gave him joys he long had sought,
And never found below.

Go deck with gems the buried knave,—
They once were his; but, from above,
Shall fall upon the poor man's grave
The sweet sunshine of love.

TO THE TOWN COUNCIL.

A gentleman well known to me,
His name, no matter what it is,
Would call on town authority,
Because he's tired of trying his,
About a gutter in the street,
O'errun with mud and dirty water;
He thinks, perhaps, they'll wet their feet—
His pretty wife and little daughter.

It is somewhere in the western part,
Away down yonder by the river;
Can't tell exact, it's past my art,
Nor can my Muse,—the lord forgive her!
It plagues him as he goes about,
The man to whom I just alluded;
He wants the water all cleared out,
Rags, mud, and orange peel included.

He called my Muse to aid the scheme,
So down the dirty street she flutters,
But, though she tries most every theme,
She's not much used to clearing gutters.
And so, good sirs, come lend her aid,
Such aid as men of your degree can;
For two hours' work with any spade
Will help the matter more than she can.

LINES TO WINTER.

Ah, Winter, good day,
You're a surly old fellow;
You come to turn gray,
What the Autumn turned yellow.

You come to destroy,
What was made by the Summer;
I tell you, old boy,
You're an unwelcome comer.

Oh, how from the North,
Through our beautiful valleys,
Your black tempest forth
Like a battle-train sallies,

Destroying the last
Faded plant that was left us,
When Autumn came past,
And of all else bereft us.

Thou'lt pile up thy snow,
Where of late grew the roses;
Thy cold breath will blow,
To the cost of long noses.

Old maids will be sour,
And old bachelors frozen;
Oh may Cupid's power
Take them off by the dozen.

And as thou wilt come,
Notwithstanding our praying,
Just bring from thy home,
Some most excellent sleighing.

THE POOR.

What carest thou, though humbly, nobly poor?
Still may thy bosom bear a spirit pure;
Still may'st thou look with trusting eye to heaven,
If bowed not down by errors unforgiven;
Still in thy heart the violet flower may bloom,
Though all without be sorrow, want and gloom!

The poor man hath advantage, after all,—
Already down, he need not fear a fall;
To him the robber is an honest man,
And hopeful heirs grudge not his length'ning span.
Nor need'st thou grope in ignorance obscure,
A very donkey, just because thou'rt poor;
For home-made brains, and native reason cool,
Are just as good as those bought at a school;
And rather better, for the tree of knowledge,
Rooted by Nature, oft o'ertops the college.

O, thou wilt find 'tis not the most deserving,
That partial Fortune seems most fond of serving;
And men too oft condemn as idle dreams,
A brother's wise, but unsuccessful schemes;
And laud the fool, who, haply, in his day,
May blunder blindly into Fortune's way.

But, high or low, keep ever in thy breast,
That which assures thee thou hast done thy best;
And as the eagle gazes at the sun,
Look boldly up, if wrong thou hast not done.

TO THE UNKNOWN,

WITH "THAT LOCK OF HAIR."

Gentle lady, whatso'er
Be thy name and station here,
Well may'st thou this tribute claim,
From a bard unknown to fame,—
From a child of Clio's line,
Sweetest sister of the nine,
Who on mount Parnassus reign,
Sending thence their pilgrim train.

Take this little lock of hair,
Once luxuriantly fair,
Waving like the summer grain,
O'er a poet's zig-zag brain;
Sure 'twill better fortune find,
Than its comrads left behind.
And when time shall bleach the head,
That bright lock, untimely shed,
May defy his utmost rage,
For 'twill not grow gray with age.

Gentle lady, fare thee well,
Love and beauty with thee dwell;
Heaven keep thee from the wrong,
Guiding still thy steps along;

And may hymen's band entwine
Some romantic soul with thine.
Such the humble minstrel's prayer;
Say,—hast *thou* a lock to spare?

ON A DEPARTED POET.

Ah! let him rest—his care shall with him sleep,
And bright above him spring the little flowers,
Nor longer want and fell misfortune creep
To nestle in the quiet of his hours.
He had his faults—ah, Heaven! who has not?
Threw fortune's dice—but never, never won;
Remembered that, which all mankind forgot,
And loved but those, whom other mortals shun.

And one loved him—and often had he sung
Of her blue eyes—faded though now she is!
But she was doomed!—and solemn mystery hung
Like a dark cloud, above her fate and his.
She thought his thoughts, and she the motives knew,
That urged him on through visionary schemes,
And like a star amid the silent blue
Of heaven, smiled all hopeful on his dreams.

But one by one, his hopes did from him glide—
Small recompense his tuneful art could meet;
And others rose around him, in the pride
Of ignorance and stupid self-conceit!
Of all his friends, but one remained at last,
Bound to the bard by honest friendship true;

The Printer's Impy wept whene'er he passed,
For other days came to the Impy's view,—

When he "set up" those first effusions fair,
And gave his friend an introduction kind,
To one who filled an Editorial chair—
Those happy days rose in the Impy's mind.
But vain the little spirit's kind regard!
His friend must moulder on a dusty shelf;
For none would help him—and 'twas plain the bard
Would not, or may be, could not, help himself.

And so he died, poor thing! and all his woes
Died with him—but a power of high control
Did from the mortal ruin's dark repose,
Save all that seemed worth saving—'twas the soul!
And that grew brighter, as it reached the land
Where men no longer hate their fellow-kind—
The leaves, on earth forbidden to expand,
There burst into a lovely Flower of Mind!

THOUGHTS IN AUTUMN.

O'er withered fields, and flow'rets pale and dead,
The steps of Autumn still and mournful fall;
Searching in vain for beauty long since fled;
While sighing low, the old year shakes his head,
Saying, alas! this is the way with all!

They come and go, they ever come and go;
Forever changing like the changing waves—
They pass where Lethe's gloomy waters flow,
And none return, the lordly or the low,
For all on earth is heaven's or the grave's.

Some toil along through life, all mournfully,
And sink unnoticed when their toil is done;
Some rise to power and princely majesty—
But stand thou by the lonely tomb and see!
In that dark hall there is no rank but one.

Within its solemn walls each silent thing
Moulders, the sharer of a humble lot:
With busy spade oblivion will fling
The common dust o'er cottager and king—
Some soon, some late, but all at last, forgot.

Yet one sweet star with soft and gentle cheer
And peaceful beam, looks out upon the night!
Though the sad autumn of the heart is near,
It bids thee wait till thou shalt see appear
Another Spring, with ever during light!

FADED CHARMS.

Far in the past, I note a joyful day,
When thy young heart was like the magnet true;
Thy voice was bird-like and thy smile was gay,
And thy soft eyes were beautifully blue!
Thou'rt faded now, I hear a sad voice say,—
Thy cheeks have lost Aurora's crimson hue,
Thy lips the smile that over them did play,
Like the first sunbeam on the morning dew!

Thine eyes are dim—their dreamy charms are few—
Their wave-like azure turns a dusky gray;
The soul of Love, light as the wing'd sea-mew,
Skins the dim past—that ocean far away!
The morning lark his carol may renew,
The deep'ning forest shake its green array,
Nor bird nor wildwood charms thy weary view—
Thy joys are past—fled like the breath of May!

Ah, Time, old Time! but for an hour's delay,
In vain to thee may proudest mortals sue;
The strong may fall, the beautiful decay,
Thou heed'st them not, thy withered path they strew!
Great Pilgrim of Creation! wilt thou stay
One moment, while I glance thy mirror through,
And sad and lone, thy pictures sweet survey,
Of olden scenes that long ago ye drew?

TYPOGRAPHY'S ERRORS.

INSCRIBED TO "THE PRINTER'S DEVIL."

Oh! typography's errors!
They'll surely drive me mad!
The very King of Terrors
Is not one half as bad!

They spoil the rules grammatic,
Without the least pretence;
And the poet in his attic,
Weeps o'er his slaughtered sense.

I pray you, Mr. "devil,"
In future have a care;
For sure this growing evil
I cannot longer bear!

You cause me some sad wailings,
When you make my stanzas limp;
But aside from these great failings,
You're a very clever imp.

Come! polish up your ORDER—
Let CAUTION slumber less,
And you'll help me on the border
Of APPROBATIVENESS!

My muse, poor creature, save her
From that she never said;
And you'll win her special favor,
While laurel crowns her head!

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TO ALGERNON.

"An' here 's a han', my trusty fier',
An' gie 's a han' o' thine."

The twilight falls with a deeper gloom,
On the dusky curtain's fold;
And the sunshine in the office room
Seems fainter than of old.

The leaden types click heavily
In the weary printer's hand;
'Tis a duller sound than it used to be,
Ere broken was the band!

And the thoughts of hours and days agone,
In a melancholy train,
By the olden forms I look upon,
Are all brought back again.

But a form is gone that used to stand
By the ancient lettered case;
With an honest heart and an open hand,
And an ever cheerful face.

May the gifts of love and fame be thine,
With their thousand beauteous hues,
And the laurel wreaths that the gods entwine
For the children of the muse!

A THOUSAND YEARS.

Hast thou never thought, at the sunset sweet,
When its last bright ray was gone,
How the courser of time with his rapid feet
Is bearing us on and on?
Didst thou never ask, at the hour of morn,
When the sunlight swept thy brow,
What the same sweet sun might look upon
In a thousand years from now?

When thy heart would weep o'er the sorrows deep,
That pass like a transient breath,
Hast thou never thought of their gentle sleep
On the dusky shore of death?
Hast thou never dreamed of their sweet repose,
Who were young and fair as thou,
That 't will be with thee, as it is with those,
In a thousand years from now?

In a thousand years! — oh, drearily
They rise in their awful gloom;
But the months go by and the seasons fly,
And a thousand years will come!
The cares of time will forgotten be,
And the broken heart and vow —

We shall triumph o'er mortality,
In a thousand years from now!

The flowers of Spring will as brightly bloom,
But they will not bloom for us;
'Tis a distant day, 'tis a distant doom,
But it surely will be thus.
Then away, away with thy transient tears,
Nor longer in sorrow bow;
It will all be well in a thousand years,
In a thousand years from now!

GEORGIANA.

She died, a floweret vernal,
In beauty's sweetest bloom;
For light and joy eternal,
She left a world of gloom.

And ye who now bewail her,
Shall meet her soon again;
For death, the ghastly jailor,
Can ne'er the soul enchain.

She faded at the warning
Of Him, the mighty one;
As fades the star of morning,
When day is but begun.

Yet in effulgent beauty,
Her star again will rise,
To do its joyful duty,
In fairer, brighter skies.

To shine in glory ever,
Where morning lives for aye,
Where cheerless tempests never
O'ershade the golden day.

Rest sweetly, gentle sleeper,
Among the silent dead;
And Heaven help the weeper,
Low bending o'er thy bed.

THE DEAD.

One lovely night, I walked along the place,
The dreaded depôt of our earthly race,
Mortality's eternal citadel;
Where those worn out with life go down to dwell;
Where sink the ills that wait on life and breath,
Beneath the dark, unfathomed flood of death.
Still hung the willows o'er the ghostly scene,
Or on the night wind shook their gloomy green;
Dark fell the shades the monuments beside,
Whose massive marble told of love and pride;
And close beside the rich man's burthened clay,
The poor man's lowly, nameless hillock lay.
How sweet their rest. I thought of all the care,
The scanty joys, the woes, the living share,
The world made dark by deeds of wilful wrong,
The heartlessness of all its pilgrim throng;
A house at war, a family of foes,
Where heaven's bounty all unvalued flows;
And when I felt that all is here forgot,
All laid in lasting rest, I marvelled not
That Judah's mighty king "was comforted
Concerning Amnon, seeing he was dead."
Here sleep the foes, who long with bitter strife
Had fiercely filled the clouded day of life;

The lordly few who grasped the laurel gay;
The hearts that basked in joy's effulgent ray,
And those who 'gainst misfortune's able train
Had battled long, had persevered in vain.
The strife is past! while life's rude tempests rave,
Sweet breathes the zephyr o'er the silent grave.
Yet shall its night be lighted by the dawn
Of that effulgent and eternal morn,
When incorruptible the dead shall rise,
With death's dark shadow banished from their eyes,
Through endless time, the praises to rehearse,
Of that great King who *is* the Universe.
Oh then, no more dread ye the churchyard's gloom,
The long, deep night that shrouds the lonely tomb;
Though on thy breast, soon fall the grassy sods,
Though life no more its mortal journey plods,
Fear not, for "ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

This man had run a rugged race,
  On life's rough hills and hollows,
Till death approached him face to face,
  And spake to him, as follows:—
Old chap, I come to give you a hint
  That Satan sends for thee, sir,
You shall not skin another flint—
  So come along with me, sir.
Your worldly wealth you now dismiss,
  Your gold you go without it, sir;
And so they trudged away, and this
  Is all we know about it, sir.

PAY THE PRINTER.

"Pay thou the Printer!" 's written on the face
Of nature and of art; yet day by day
Thou'lt see the good man toiling at his "case,"
And read his paper and refuse him pay!

This is not right, he works for thy good pleasure—
For thee he gathers telegraphic news;
And when thy heart is longing after treasure,
He ascertains where thou can'st gain or lose.

Think how he suffers evils without measure,
By printing advertisements never paid for;
Nor longer deem, that to amuse thy leisure,
Is all the printer and the paper's made for.

No night so dark, but, twinkling like a star,
The Printer's light can penetrate its gloom;
And on the barren, desert waste afar
Of Ignorance, bid sweetest flow'rets bloom!

And wilt thou strive to dampen such a fire?
No, no! it were injustice to creation!
"The laborer is worthy of his hire,"
The Printer of his honest compensation!

MY BREECHES.

My breeches once were as clean and white
  As the falling flakes of snow;
But the wear and tear of time will write
Decay and dust, with a dark'ning blight,
  On the fairest thing below!

My breeches were, as my heart in youth,
  Unsullied and purely bright;
But dust, like a falsehood over truth,
Their glory shades, till they shrink, in sooth,
  From the broad and open light!

Yet, like the heart's, is the fabric there,
  Be the outside what it may;
And still with investigation fair,
May the spattered ink and dust they bear,
  Like a falsehood, pass away.

My breeches, dear, I will ne'er condemn,
  For the world is filled with dust,
And the purest heart, the fairest gem,
May never be lost, and yet, like them,
  Be sullied and soiled it must.

TO THE SCHOONER CHARLES HERBERT,

BOUND TO CALIFORNIA.

God speed thee, gallant little bark,
Upon thy distant duty;
O'er billows mountainous and dark,
Blue breaking in their beauty.

Fair be the breeze, and clear the sky,
Where'er thy wing may wander;
Till thou shalt in yon haven lie,
More golden than Golconda.

Success to those who bravely dare
Old ocean deep and surging—
To those thy fragile form shall bear,
Their unknown fortunes urging.

May light, glad hearts attend them all,
In lands so bright and golden;
And to their happy fortunes fall
The wealth of Crœsus olden.

Then may they live through many years,
In love and union endless;

To wipe away pale sorrow's tears,
And bless the poor and friendless!

And now, one boon my fancy craves—
Remember me to Ocean;
And give my love to those blue waves
That once gave me their motion.

Those days are gone, and vanished long,
Yet Ocean knows their story;
And well I love her stately song,
Her grand and gloomy glory!

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Nor father, nor mother, nor gentle wife,
  Has the Man in the Moon e'er known,
But afar in the nightly blue, his life
  Is weary and all alone!

He looks rather sad, as he glances his eye
  On the world that is moving below;
And seems to regret that the path is so high,
  Whereon he must constantly go.

Indeed, he appears like a solemn old soul,
  With a face of the gravest style;
Our actions, though ever so comic and droll,
  Can never induce him to smile.

And yet he looks down with a curious gaze,
  Like one who is anxious to see
The nature of things, and the doings and ways
  Of all that below him may be.

He constantly peers from his roost over head,
  As grave as a Catholic priest;
Undoubtedly trying to hear what is said,
  Or see what is done here, at least.

When still is the night, and the numberless host
Of dwellers on earth are asleep,
The Man in the Moon is awake at his post,
Nor ceases his station to keep.

At times the thick clouds with his view interfere,
As high in the heavens they fly;
Yet often between them his face will appear,
Looking steadily down from the sky.

Perchance he is rendered so thoughtful and sad,
By viewing the manners of men;
For much he has seen that was cruel and bad,
As over the world he has been.

Of many a monarch, and many a state,
He has witnessed the rise and the fall;
He has seen the beginning and end of the great,
And the glory, or ruin of all.

I am never surprised at the serious mood,
Of one who has journeyed so long;
Of one who has witnessed so seldom the good,
So often the wicked and wrong.

I respect the old man in his heavenly height;
He has chosen his home in the moon,

And is welcome, as well on a cold winter night,
As a beautiful evening in June.

He watches the world, and the whole human race,
Though our troubles he never can share;
So laugh not again at his solemn old face,
Or his aspect of fatherly care.

FORTUNE.

Fair fortune is so sparing of her store,
That one might think the honest damsel poor.
She gives but little our hard lot to soften,
And takes good care to give it not too often;
Her choicest favors always fall to fools,
Who buy their muddy brains at grammar schools.
They blunder on to fortune wrong or right;
And she appears to load them out of spite.
She makes to others promises and proffers,
Which may be fair, but fill no empty coffers.
In short, she is a sweet coquetish wanton,
As full of freaks as honest "jack-o'-lantern;"
What good can all her hoarded treasure do her—
She'd better give a part to feed the poor;
To drive away the gloom, the fell despair,
From the pining victims of the tyrant care;
To save poor things of every name and nation,
Who daily die from sorrow or starvation.
But no, alas! she is a saving witch,
Who shuts her purse, resolved on dying rich.
Whene'er she gives a portion of her store,
It is to those who had enough before;
Who do not thank the gentle hand that gave it,
And know not how to use it when they have it;

Poor purse-proud things, so dull they cannot know,
The light of joy, the weight of weary woe;
She places realms beneath a scoundrel's rule,
But cannot make a wise man of a fool;
She leads us forward on a rugged way,
Her treacherous lantern blinding with its ray;
And then withdraws in changing mood her light,
And leaves us groping through an ebon night.
Such is the dame by every mortal sought,
So seldom found, so hard to keep when caught.

THE DANDY.

My muse, dear reader, making no excuse
For putting paper to a wretched use,
Will hasten to the subject of her story—
A dandy wight, in all his tinsel glory.
Behold a creature, standing by your side,
Whose oiled mustaches make his chiefest pride;
Whose soft white hand adjusts each greasy curl;
Whose cane has learnt almost itself to twirl;
Whose beaver seems most usefully employed
To cover up the thing men call a "void;"
Whose sense, respect might win from old and young,
But for its deadly enemy—his tongue.

He is a scholar—one who thinks, perchance,
That Europe lies in some far part of France;
That Cæsar was a big Newfoundland dog,
And that Lord Bacon was a Berkshire hog!
Tell what you will, you can't increase his store—
'Tis wasting breath—he knew it all before.
He knows all things that e'er to man were known,
And everybody's business—but his own.
Partaking of the monkey and the calf,
Each silly word draws forth a bleating laugh;
And, what cares he, though foolish mortals sneer?
He hath, at least, one worshipper sincere.

This simple truth, kind reader, wilt thou note—
Man's intellect's determined by his coat:
While that is new, unrivalled he may rule;
The coat grows old—of course the man's a fool!

THE OLD BIRD'S LAMENT.

I have wandered far from my nestlings dear,
I have sought, I have brought them food;
And the shading tree and the nest are here,
But where is my cherub brood?
Alas! alas! ye are gone away,
Ye are slain by the spoiler's hand;
Ye will chirp no more when the rising day
Lights up the forest land.

I have watched you long with a joyful breast,
I have watched with a careful eye,
When the weary sun went down to rest,
Or the morning broke the sky;
When the sparkling wave was gaily bright,
In the glorious noontide beam,
Or the evening moon with still sweet light,
Looked down on the crystal stream.

But now you are gone from your downy nest;
Ye have passed from your forest home;
And never again will the balm of rest,
To my sorrowful bosom come.
Ah! cruel indeed was the hand that bore
My sweet little brood away;
It has taken that which it cannot restore
Again to life's joyful day.

THE HUMAN HEAD.

This is truth, though at enmity with the philosophy of the age.
SPURZHEIM.

Ah me, what powers majestic dwell
Within this seeming paltry shell,
Where, mortal, thou canst learn to rate,
All, all that makes thee small or great.
Here SIZE and FORM scan all around,
And COLOR paints with rainbow dye;
Here dwells CAUSALITY profound,
Whose eager and unresting eye
Seeks out the wherefore and the why;
Whose voice with never ending call,
Still asks the "great first cause of all."
EVENTUALITY goes forth
In ancient lands, 'mid ruins gray,
And brings from East, West, South and North,
Shades of old days long passed away.
LOCALITY the earth hath spanned,
And CALCULATION, soaring far,
Hath measured worlds with unseen hand,
While ORDER names each diamond star.
And LANGUAGE tells to every land,
How well creation's works are planned;

While WEIGHT attends the balance scale,
And TUNE salutes each passing gale,
And TIME dates every earthly tale.
And INDIVIDUALITY
Marks out the details all,
Of sep'rate things we hear and see,
The mighty and the small.
BENEVOLENCE, the kind and good,
Here reigns in sweet, forgiving mood;
Its voice ne'er raised but in defence
Of helplessness and innocence;
When others grieve 'tis ever sad—
When others laugh it aye is glad.
See VENERATION gravely bow
Before the old man's furrowed brow;
Or, joined with CONSCIENTIOUSNESS,
To yon bright throne its prayer address,
Far more in feeling than in word;
While HOPE breathes low "thy prayer is heard."
And MARVELOUSNESS almost brings
Before the raptured eye,
With seraph tones and golden wings,
Bright spirits from the sky;
And sees our undivided race
All filled at last with joy and grace.
See MIRTH and IMITATION fine,
Their wit and mimicry combine;

And sage COMPARISON display
"Good, better, best," in fair array.
While HUMAN NATURE'S prying gaze,
Reads man in all his works and ways;
And tells us when and where to speak,
And who is strong and who is weak;
And with SUAVITY combined,
Unlocks the hearts of all mankind.
And ye who plan and ye who build,
To decorate each lovely land,
With structures beautifully grand,
Why are ye thus supremely skilled?
Go ask CONSTRUCTIVENESS the cause,
For sure ye but obey its laws.
Oh IDEALITY divine,
Beloved and favored by the Nine,
Sweet soul of melody and rhyme;
We hear thy songs in every clime.
SUBLIMITY, enchanted, eyes
The wrathful deep, the blackning skies,
The rolling cloud of reddening fire,
Where armies rush to battle dire,
The giant mount, the torrent vast,
The plunging bark's proud reeling mast.
See FIRMNESS with unbending frown,
And CONCENTRATIVENESS appear,
And SELF ESTEEM look proudly down—
The three all crying "persevere."

Obey their voice, ye rise o'er all—
Discard their counsel, and ye fall.
Behold fond APPROBATIVENESS,
With rosy smiles and sweet address;
But trust it not, for ah! thou'll find
Some unseen spirit lurks behind;
Some selfish aim, some selfish end,
For 'tis to self alone a friend.
It decks the Indian's belt with scalps,
It carried Bona' o'er the Alps;
Fired Richard's heart in Palestine,
Far more than did the cause divine;
Bore Hannibal to glory on,
And Cæsar o'er the Rubicon;
Charles to Pultowa's field of slain,
And William First to Hastings' plain;
And with DESTRUCTIVENESS allied,
Of Macbeth's blade became the guide,—
Yet should it fire the hearts of men,
But guard ye well 'gainst its abuse,
For 'tis a noble passion, when
Directed to its proper use.
See CAUTIOUSNESS in constant fear,
Suspecting evils ever near.
SECRETIVENESS with watchful eye
And lurking glance, dark, still and sly;

At every turn it hath a snare,—
That *low* wide head, beware—beware.
And bad is worse when to the game,
Acquisitiveness joins its claim.
Next see combativeness, the brave,
With frank and fearless face,
It dares the battle and the wave,
Yet hath its proper place,—
And that is in defence of right,
Against unjust oppression's might.
Oft to adhesiveness it lends
Its powerful aid, to shelter friends,
And by inhabitiveness stands,
To guard its own 'gainst other lands.
Hark! list that sleepy, sluggish cry—
"Eat, for to-morrow ye may die;"
'Tis alimentiveness—go, run,
See if the dinner's nearly done.
But stop, exclaims parentiveness,
Let's feed the little children first;
He who will not these sweet ones bless,
Must be of all mankind the worst.
See vitativeness cling to life,
Through joy and wo, through peace and strife,
Give it but life—let honor part,
Life—life is all, to that base heart.

Oh, Cato, 'twas not thus with thee,
Thy own good sword could set thee free.
And last, from cupid's flow'ry home,
Of love and strife the very soul,
See youthful AMATIVENESS come,
Too oft more powerful than the whole.

And thus in this uneven shell,
These forty counsellors of state,
Disputing and contending, dwell,
Till death adjourns the long debate,
And lays, by one tremendous sweep,
This senate in eternal sleep.

TO THE FRIENDS OF E. H. M.

I remember one, with a mild blue eye,
And a mellow, bird-like voice;
Whose heart for herself did never sigh,
Nor yet for herself rejoice.

She smiled for the joys of other minds,
And wept for the woes that weighed
On the sad of earth, whose lives the winds
Had as leafless deserts made.

But she faded away, as the sunshine fades
When an evening hour is near,
And the beantiful wing of twilight shades
The archway blue and clear.

And now there are stars that o'er her keep
Their watch, in the lonely sky,
Sweet guardians they, of the gentle sleep
That seals her violet eye.

BE CHEERFUL.

Be cheerful, friend, whate'er may come;
At work, at play, abroad, at home,
Be cheerful, aye, where'er thou art,—
Despair is for the coward's heart.

He hath not learned life's lesson half,
Who thinks that goodness should not laugh;
Who thinks the greatest share of grace,
Must lie beneath the sourest face;
As soon expect sweet plants to grow
Beneath December's dismal snow;
No cloud can spring from virtue bright,
For darkness is not born of light.

The man whose heart is warm and kind,
By nature to the right inclined,
Strives not to check by grim control
The gushing fountain of his soul.
He thinks no wrong, intends no sin,
His smiles are from the light within;
But he whose goodness all depends
Upon the length his face extends,
However saint-like be his oily strain,
Oh, stamp him with the cursed mark of Cain!

LIFE.

When morning spreads his rosy wings,
How fair the sea of life appears;
No tempest voice discordant rings,
No eye o'erflows with sorrow's tears,
And strangers to the thousand fears,
That haunt existences' later day,
We launch our bark o'er rolling years,
These pathless waves to take our way.

And o'er the deep we gaily go,
And onward sweep through foul and fair,
With filling sails aloft and low.
Nor heed that grave old pilot care,
Till rock-bound shores all black and bare,
Fast rise along the surging sea,
And danger's voice cries out beware,
Maintopsail haul and helm alee.

To-day we hail a lovely shore,
Where torrid beams the fields embrown,
To-morrow sail where Labrador
Forms royal winter's icy crown;
And thus we toss when tempests frown;
Or fly before the zephyr's breath,
Till with our jack set union down,
We anchor in the port of death.

IMPROMTU,

To a very beautiful, but unknown lady, who will understand the mystery, and whose pardon I most humbly crave.

Oh lady, 'twas an accident,—
I really did not mean to do it;
But then which ever way I went,
It seemed to me that you foreknew it,
And dodged, accordingly, to right
Or left, just as the case might be,—
But ah, those eyes! their beaming light
Most richly compensated me!

Forgive me! I'm insane, they say,
And thence arose the blunder sad;
Besides, thy beauty stole away
What little sense I ever had.
But yet we two again may meet—
If such should be our destiny,
Please take the RIGHT side of the street,
And I will take what's LEFT OF THEE.

A WINTER SUNSET.

Methinks 'tis like the heart of one
Whom friends forsake and pleasures shun;
Who creeps in age adown the hill
Of weary life at twilight chill,
When ice-bound are enjoyment's springs,
When bleak winds drive misfortune's snow,
And hungry Want his shadow flings
O'er all the waste of wint'ry wo!

Oh, mark ye not that dying ray,
Last vestige of retreating day?
With pensive look it hath not ceased
To view the dim and distant East.
'Tis memory, whose office kind,
Is aye to treasure up the past;
To flutter in the old Man's mind,
Till sunrise in that empire vast,
Where glorious light o'erwhelms the night at last!

THE OLD MUSKET.

While in my room the moonlight plays
All sweetly o'er the chequered wall,
Just where a cluster of its rays
Like beauty's timid glances fall—
Behold, there rests an old French-ARM,
Whose echoes through the battle rung,
Where fought brave Wolf with great Montcalm,
When fair and fam'd Quebec was young.
Along the barrel, whence the ball
Dealt death on England's scarlet ranks,
I see grim Death, wrapt in a pall,
Playing all sorts of ghostly pranks.
And yet so small!—Oh, I am sure
It cannot be the churchyard king—
'Tis but the monster's miniature,
With little dart and tiny wing!
And here it plays a mimic game,
Mocking the olden scenes of blood;
Boasting of that accursed aim
Which gave green fields a purple flood.
Old Musket! dark thy deeds have been;
The friend of death your might ye gave
To blight the fairest hopes of men,
And feed with blood the hungry grave.

God help the broken hearts ye made,
  Forgive ye for the tears ye wrung,
And curse your worse than hangman's trade,
  From ignorance and evil sprung!
And be the voice of Peace obeyed—
  The "still small voice"—THE BETTER MAN—
'Till mortal arms no longer aid
  Great Ruin's desolating plan!

THE STREAMLET.

Why wilt thou seek the ocean,
That rolls in fearful glee?
Can'st thou assist its motion,
Or will it care for thee?
Can'st thou make its billows higher?
Can'st thou aid its rushing tide?
Would its foam-clad shores be drier,
If thou wert not allied?

Or does the white wing'd rover,
More beautifully go
Its azure waters over,
For what thou dost bestow?
Or does the ocean thank thee—
Or thinkest thou it will
A benefactor rank thee,
Thou puny little rill.

The streamlet said, I know not
If I may help the sea,
Perchance its billows flow not
More gallantly for me;
But surely 'tis the duty,
Of streamlet and of man,
In this bright world of beauty,
To do what good they can.

WOMAN.

Oh, what is a world without the light
Of gentle woman's artless love;
Without the smile of her blue eyes bright,
And her voice like the tones of the sweet ring dove

She makes the earth like a paradise—
She drives from the brow the shade of care,
Dispelling the mirky clouds of vice,
With the sun-like light of her spirit fair.

The light of our youth and the balm of age,
Our future hope and our idol now;
Her soft smile cheers when the tempests rage,
And her white hand smooths the sufferer's brow.

Oh then here's a health to womankind,
Warm gushing up from a poet's heart;
May her path be peace where'er it wind,
And her soul be free from the spoiler's art.

RESTITUTION.

And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.—ISAIAH XXV. 7, 8.

Where tears of anguish never fall,
The flowers of joy to blight,
How beautiful the thought, that all
Will yet in love unite.
That all who fell when sin began,
Shall, free from every care,
The image of the second Man,
The heavenly Adam bear.

However dark, however drear,
This life below may seem,
Oh think, the worst of evils here
Will pass, a transient dream.
Though fear and doubt their gloomy wings
May darkly o'er thee cast,
The restitution of all things *
Will surely come at last.

* Acts iii. 21.

Then shall the good no longer mourn,
The foolish shall be wise;
And things corrupt, that now we spurn,
In incorruption rise.
Then shall the Saviour and the King,
The Shepherd of the fold,
The fulness of the Gentiles bring,
And satisfied behold.

Then shall eternal light be shed,
The glorious trumpet sound,
And death and hell give up the dead,
By sin and darkness bound!
For no man to himself can live,
None to himself may die;
Living or dying, man must give
His all to God on high. †

† Romans xiv. 7, 8.

TO A POETICAL FRIEND.

If thou, young friend, the laurel crown would sway,
From "magic spells" and "mystic flowers" away,
For, mixed in every poetaster's strain,
Their sound is sickening to a healthy brain.
In harmony let all thy numbers run,
And every show of affectation shun:
Talk more of real than ideal things,
Nor fear to soar when truth upholds thy wings;
And ever through the windings of thy song,
Let the heart speak—it will not guide thee wrong;
For poetry is not the work of art,
But the warm gushings of a feeling heart;
And, of its elements, (ere you commence,)
Pray bear in mind, the first is common sense.

Oh, there are those in every goodly land,
Who hold commissions won from Nature's hand,
Endowed with all the "faculty divine,"
Although, perchance, they never made a line;
For, learned or unlearned, place him where you will,
The native songster is a songster still.
Nature controls herself, and if thou art
A poet, thou wilt act a poet's part,

Sure as the lightest weight will upward tend,
Or in the scale, the heaviest descend.
With native ease, we fill our native stations;
Of this all earth affords us illustrations;
And vainly man may exercise his skill,
To make the stream run bubbling UP the hill.

Fear not the harm that satire e'er can do,
Though piercing falsehood's strongest armor through,
And folly's brain—its shaft is checked forsooth,
Its keen point blunted by the simple truth.
Thy safest way is just to pass it by,
For slander disappointed, soon will die;
But feed it with thy notice, and 't will grow,
Plump as a partridge, on thy very wo.
Thou hast thy notions, and the critic his,
One must be right, because there always is
A right or wrong to all of earthly growth—
Lord help the blockhead who can miss them both.
All things are ruled on gravitation's plan,
The lead, the feather, and the mind of man;
Thrown on the mighty atmosphere, at length
Thou'lt sink or rise, according to thy strength;
But bear in mind before you spread your wing,
That linnets DO—and night hawks DO NOT sing.

DEATH OF THE YEAR.

Deep, dark and chill, the mirky midnight lay,
O'er chequered plain and barren mountain gray;
The woodland owl sent forth a dismal moan,
The north wind sung with hollow whistling tone.
Alone I sat and watched my dying lamp,
When caught my ear a solemn muffled tramp,—
A sound more startling than the battle din,
Slow swung the door—the old year stalked within.
His massive head, white with December snow,
Bent as he entered gracefully and low;
The kingly mantle that in youth he wore,
Now old and threadbare swept along the floor.
Nor yet forgotten was his lordly air,
Though now so worn with time and toiling care;
His full, bold forehead told a mighty mind,
His high old head bespoke him firm and kind,
And o'er the eye that once such lustre owned,
I marked the place where Order sat enthroned,
And viewing this, no longer asked to learn
How he had brought the seasons in their turn.
With veneration and profound surprise,
My heart was filled—I scarce believed mine eyes,
Nor dared my lips the solemn silence break,
That for a moment reigned, when thus he spake:

Poor simple mortal, marvel not,
Nor view me with that wond'ring gaze;
For like mine own, shall be thy lot,
Like me, thou'lt have thy wintry days.
Though now the spring of life is fair,
Though now the summer waits for thee,
Thou'lt have thy share of pain and care,
Thou'lt shortly pass away like me.
Long, long ago, I brought thee flowers,
Sweet roses red and lilies white,
The playful winds, the vernal showers,
The fire-fly sporting through the night;
I brought the summer with its train
Of singing birds on bush and tree;
I brought the autumn's waving grain,
I brought the wild old winter's glee;
I've seen the humble poor oppress'd,
And crushed to earth in every land,
While jewelled vice with careless breast,
Walked o'er the cringing helpless band;
I've seen men in the pulpit stand
And preach meek charity to all;
Next day I've seen them shut the hand
Against the ragged beggar's call.
Such scenes of wrong have worn away
The gentle joy that once I knew;
And now the prey of dark decay,
I shortly haste from mortal view.

I hear the call of time—my tears
Fall fast upon the woes of men,—
And oh, my son! may coming years
Be kind to thee, as I have been.

He ceased,—for lo! a merry song was heard,
Like the sweet carol of a summer bird;
Along the dim old walls it gaily rung,
Methought 't was some strange spirit voice that sung.
While to unveil the mystery I tried,
A lovely youth came gliding to my side;
His head all bare, the storm of winter braved,
Back from his brow the curling ringlets waved;
His form was perfect, and his face divine,
For matchless beauty graced its every line;
Though Approbativeness bespoke him vain,
Hope seemed the ruling organ of his brain.
'T was the New Year—the old year turning round,
Addressed him with thus, with gravity profound:

Oh welcome, welcome gentle youth,
Successor to my heritage;
The God of everlasting truth
Protect thee on thy weary stage;
May men grow better 'neath thy rule,
May peace send forth its gentle voice;
May all the pupils of thy school,
In never ending love rejoice.

I go—the hands of yonder clock
Point almost to the midnight hour;
Oh, be thou firm, sure as the rock,
Let none dispute thy sovereign power.

The Old Year's voice in silence died away,
One only tear rolled down his beard of gray;
The scene was one of deep appalling gloom,
And deathlike stillness reigned within the room.
Here stood the Old Year, by his side the New,
And scarce a breath for very awe I drew.
How strange the contrast; blooming youth and age;
One entering on, one passing off the stage;
One with a brow on which no care had been,
One bowed with time, decrepitude and pain.
At length the New Year with a gentle grace
The silence broke, and said, with thoughtful face,—

Oh, aged man, I grieve to know
Thy sands are all so nearly run,
That from thy empire thou must go,
That all thy usefulness is done;
I fain would stay the hand of death,
I fain would yield my rightful claim,
Had I the power; but life and breath
Depend on him from whom they came.
I'll strive to follow in thy path,
'Till I myself shall pass away;

My voice shall ne'er be raised in wrath,
I'll rule mankind with gentle sway.
I'll shortly bring to every dell,
The sporting birds, the merry green,
And blissful harmony shall dwell
Triumphant o'er the lovely scene.
Farewell, old man, see yonder hand
Points out the central hour of night;
Joy bear thee to some fairer land,
And peace attend thy spirit's flight.

The New Year ceased—the Old Year quickly passed,
A fading phantom, on the wint'ry blast.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Written for the Carriers of the "Northern Star," Warren, R. I., January 1, 1850.

Subscribers good, and patrons of the Star,
In town or country, be ye near or far,—
Fair girls and boys, and honest men and dames,
Whate'er your calling, and whate'er your names,—
List to the early knocker at your door,
And to a voice ye oft have heard before;
A merry voice, that comes with hearty cheer,
To wish you all a bright and happy year!
And while a thousand joyful echoes chime,
Hailing the promise of the coming time—
While morning glitters in the amber East,
And sunbeams tremble through the early mist,
In lines of gold on Winter's snowy dress—
I come to say—Life hath one year the less!
For, as we watch the glowing future dawn,
In all the glory of a new year's morn,
Painting high hopes along the rosy skies,
We can but feel the solemn thought arise,
That this sweet morn bears off the mortal breath
Of that old friend, now cold and still in death!
Thus to your hamlets comes the carrier boy,
With varying feelings, blending grief and joy:

Grief for the lost, the unreturning year;
Joy for the present and the future dear.
Twelve months of time to chaos are returned;
Few heed their loss, yet should the year be mourn'd;
Though but a handful of the sand of time,
Moistened with tears, and blotted o'er with crime,
Blackened and soiled, and mixed with human rust,
Then cast away, like any common dust.
The hours and moments, having done their part,
By twelve months' ticking on the weary heart,
Are thrown together, mixed in common space,
Like worthless types from out the printer's case.
Such is a year, and, whatsoe'er its cost,
The book is printed, but the types are lost;
And Time, the old Compositor, hath fled,
Leaving his book, for ages to be read—
A solemn book, which, when he once forsakes,
He comes not back to rectify mistakes!
Here let us pause, and backward on the past,
One thoughtful look of retrospection cast,
And glance along, with interested eye,
The news I brought ye in the days gone by;
Bringing old pictures to our view again,
With mingled thoughts of happiness and pain
Of pain, for sorrows grievous and perverse,—
Of happiness, to think they were no worse.

When the past year was but a prattling child,
That in the arms of rugged Winter smiled,
I sang his birth, and told with gentle pride,
How bravely firm his predecessor died;
His flowing locks I wove in my address,
And his high Hope and Approbativeness;
And, through the halls where lonely midnight hung,
Told how his voice harmoniously rung;
That voice is lost, where others soon shall be,
Far in the chaos of eternity!
I brought glad tidings from the land afar—
The land of promise and the golden star;
Where Nature's wealth had sparkled all untold,
Till some rude hand unlocked her chest of gold;
When, bursting on the dazzled eye of day,
Vast treasures rolled from caverns grim and gray!
Treasures that Nature might no longer hold,
Old as the world, and wrapt in rust and mould;
And that old forge 'neath Yankee hammers rung,
That there had slept since Tubal Cain was young!
Who toiled long years on this metalic mass,
And thought, no doubt, that all this gold was brass!
All this I told while roving near and far,
The satellite and vender of the Star.
And we together mourned the hapless bark,
By Terra del Fuego cold and dark!

Where, while Atlantic surges on the shore,
His lordly rival echoes back his roar!
Two voices blending, of the proudest tone
That man hath heard, or earth hath ever known!
That gallant bark, oh, weep no more for her,
Who would not love her glorious sepulchre!
The whole proud ocean for her boundless tomb,
Lonely, and blue, and deep as Hades' gloom!
And when another spread her wing of snow,
I prayed with you—"good fortune with her go;"
And light and fair, she wandered from our view,
A white winged bird, lost in the distant blue.
I heralded the tidings from the plains,
Where Liberty sat weeping in her chains;
When Europe echoed to the din of war,
And martial tramp of Nicholas, the Czar!
While proudly gleamed his many bannered host,
Along the mountains of his icy coast;
But 'gainst the foes that met his grim advance,
How like a reed had proved the Cossack's lance,
Had not fair freedom borne within her van,
A traitor's soul, accursed of God and man!
Honor the Turk in old Byzantum's halls,
Who dares the Russian, and on Allah calls!
When Christian lands forsook the good and brave,
The turbaned Moslem stretched his hand to save!

But poor "old Nick," unenviable fame
Attends his sad and mischief-making name—
A name still linked with tyranny and woe,
Whether in Russia, or the realm below;
Feared, served and hated, ever since the fight,
When he threw mountains at the sons of light!—
Thus I have brought you tales of many climes,
The strange events of these, our modern times;
And local news you from my labors learned,
Quite interesting unto all concerned;
From using barns instead of candle light,
Down to disturbing hen roosts in the night.
Ah, sorry hearts beat in the breasts of men
Who can disturb the slumbers of a hen,
And doom her to decapitation's pain,
In imitation of the Lady Jane!
At last the year was drawing near a close,—
His hair looked like a forest, when it snows!
And his old form was like an aged pine,
Whose bark is rough, and marked with many a line.
I scarce could think that one so old and gray
Could be the same I knew in merry May;
When, young and fair, he wove the brightest flowers
In blooming garlands round the laughing hours!
Last night while sitting by my chimney side,
I saw the old year just before he died—

He shook his head at every sound of mirth,
As if to say, "I've seen enough of earth."
Ah, poor old year, thought I, no doubt you have—
He guessed my thoughts, and solemn answer gave:
He told how high his youthful hopes had been,
When first he mingled with the sons of men;
What protestations, daily he might hear,
Of truth and love, and honesty sincere;
Smooth, gentle words that on the surface flow
Like oil, to hide the filthy pool below!
Nor thought he then that where they most abound,
Hypocrisy in darkest dye is found.
But now he smiled apon that want of art,
Which deemed man's lips the outlet of his heart.
Just then, old Time came in with stealthy tread,
Chisel in hand, and cobwebs on his head!
Paused, drew his watch, a time-piece of the best,
Half from the pocket of his sallow vest,
Glanced quickly down—then gave his midnight knock,
Twelve measured strokes upon my mother's clock!
The old year rose, a pale and ghostly shade,
With hollow voice a sad farewell he bade;
"Good night," he said, "low burns the mortal lamp,
I hear, e'en now, the pale white courser's tramp!
God guard thee, boy, o'er life's untried domain—
Farewell, farewell, we never meet again!"

And saying this, he closed his aged eye,
And in his mantle, laid him down to die.
"Ah me!" said Time, "six thousand such as he
Have in their day kept company with me;
And one by one, I watched their rise and fall—
Six thousand years,—I have outlived them all!"
And then old Time his footsteps onward bent,
Throwing some dust behind him as he went.

And now, kind friends, of many varying ranks,
For favors past accept the Carrier's thanks,
And ne'er forget in future days afar,
The satellite revolving round the Star!
And may you go rejoicing on your way,
And doing good, which shall itself repay!
Ye joyful—count the evils some endure!
Ye wealthy—think, the world hath many poor;
And you, bethink ye, who are spirit born,
Grace bears not well, this putting off and on.
So may ye glide, despite the tempest's rage,
Down to the haven of respected age—
Then, as it was, the dust returns to earth,
The spirit, to the God that gave it birth.

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